Simp. Marry Sir, I come to ſpeake with Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from Maſter *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his Chamber, his Houſe, his Caſtle his ſtanding bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigall, freſh and new: goe, knocke and call: hee'l ſpeake like an Anthropophaginian vnto thee; Knocke I ſay.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber; ile be ſo bold as ſtay Sir till ſhe come down I come to ſpeake with her indeed.

Hoſt. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd; Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *Iohn*; ſpeake from thy Lungs Military; Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt, thine Epheſian cals.

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming downe of thy fat-woman. Let her deſcend (Bully) let her deſcend; my Chambers are honourable; Fie, priuacy? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Hoſt) an old-fat-woman euen now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wiſe-woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. I marry was it (Muſſel-ſhell) what would you with her?

Simp. My Maſter (Sir) my maſter *Slender*, ſent to her ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine or no;

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what ſayes ſhe, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry ſhee ſayes, that the very ſame man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could haue ſpoken with the Woman her ſelfe, I had other things to haue ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal.

Fal. What are they? let vs know.

Hoſt. I; come, quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Hoſt. Conceale them, or thou di'ſt.

Sim. Why ſir, they were nothing but about Mi
Page, to know if it were my Maſter fortune to ha
no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; ſay the woma
ſo.

Simple May I be bold to ſay ſo Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Simp. I thanke your worſhip: I ſhall make my M
with theſe tydings.

Hoſt. Thou are clearkly; thou art clearkly (Si
there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine *Hoſt*) one that h
me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my
paid nothing for it neither, but was paid fo
ning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozo

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeake well o
letto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for
I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw mee off, fr
one of them, in a ſlough of myre; and ſet
away; like three *Germane*-diuels; three
ſtaffes.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meete the Duk
doe not ſay they be fled: *Germanes* are honeſt

Euans. Where is mine *Hoſt*?

Hoſt. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments
friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee t
Cozen-Iermans, that has cozened all the *Hoſ*